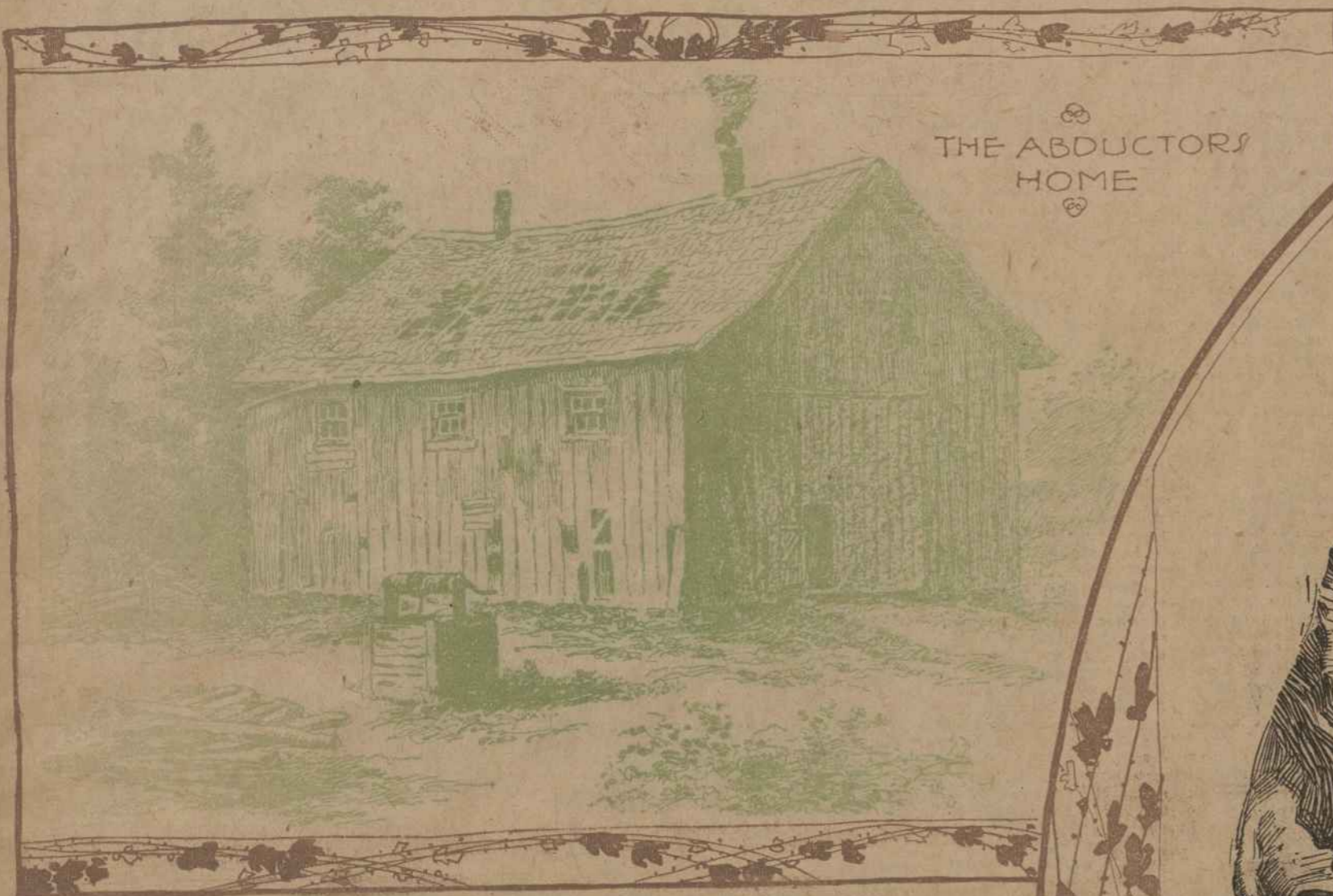


“LYNCH THIS MAN!” — CRIES HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES.

Amelie Rives's Cousin, Who Has Just Written a Remarkable Novel Defending Lynching, Declares New Yorkers Have an Object Lesson at Their Own Door.



THE ABDUCTOR'S HOME



KATIE CLUM

KATIE CLUM SHOULD BE AVENGED.

Miss Hallie Erminie Rives, Whose Book "Smoking Flax" Deals with the Lynching Evil, and Who Is Rivalling Her Cousin as an Author, Makes an Impassioned Plea for the Swift Punishment of Henry Mondore.

To the Editor of the Journal:

New York has at last a frightful object lesson at its own doors of precisely what we of the South punish promptly with lynching.

After reading the narrative below is there any father, mother or brother who could fail to sympathize with Mr. Clum if he took the law into his own hand and avenged the atrocious crime against his child?

Read this fearful story of negro bestiality, my Northern brothers and sisters; think of little Katie Clum as your own daughter or sister, and then tell me if you still think that we of the South exhibit traits of semi-civilization or barbarism when we say that the negro Henry Mondore should pay the penalty of his crime with his life, without being allowed to await the doubtful vagaries of the law.

Remember, too, that where New York has produced one Henry Mondore, the youth and beauty and virtue of the South stands constantly menaced by hundreds of thousands of just such negro brutes.

And as for the clergyman who is said to have abetted this horror by performing a marriage ceremony between the negro and his drugged victim, I cannot understand why he should be longer tolerated in a civilized community.

Hallie Erminie Rives

By Little Katie Clum Herself.

I will tell the story of my trouble of being carried away by negroes and married against my will to Henry Mondore, as nearly as I can remember it or knew it at the time.

Some of it is a blurred memory, full of indistinct, changing shapes, like night shadows on the mountains, but two horrible figures could not be mistaken or forgotten. They are Henry Mondore and his cousin Annie.

I had known Henry Mondore a few months—I don't remember how many. I can hardly say I knew him, for my father had never permitted me to speak to him. He always said to my sister Jen and me, "Girls, never speak to the niggers on the farm. Have nothing to do with them except what you must do in working with them." And I always obeyed him until the terrible night this happened.

My sister and myself milked the cows every morning with Henry's help. He used to carry my pails as well as his own to the dairy, but I thought nothing of that unless I supposed he did it because I did not look so large and strong as my younger sister Jennie. He never made love to me. At least if he did I didn't know it, for I never had a beau in my life and I have not been allowed to read novels. I do not remember that he ever spoke to me until the time I am going to tell you about.

The Mondores, Henry and his brothers, Matt and Ohm; his mother and his sister, Mary, and his cousins, Annie and Frank, lived in an old barn an eighth of a mile from our house. They worked on Mr. Moore's farm at odd times, but they were always quiet and never troubled any one.

Henry's mother is a white woman, and his brother, "Dute" Mondore, stole Mr. Freidenberg's daughter away from her home at Roxbury six years ago, took her to New York and married her, and they have been living near Roxbury ever since, and no white woman has ever associated with her since.

About two weeks ago this Mrs. "Dute" Mondore sent word by a

neighbor that passed our house every day that she wanted to see me. "That white woman that married a nigger?" I said. "What can she want to see me for?"

The neighbor said he didn't know, that she had run out to the wagon and stopped him, saying she wanted to see me and that he should be sure to tell me so. I can see now that her message was part of their hellish plot, but I suspected nothing then. I did not think of it again until after I had been brought home it came to me that they may have asked her to tell me how much she preferred a black to a white husband.

On Thursday afternoon my father and mother decided suddenly to go to Bloomville. They took the 8 o'clock train. In driving to the station at Grand Gorge they had to pass the old barn where the Mondores live.

The negroes saw them and knew that that was their chance. How plain everything is when you look back at it, but how blind we are before it happens!

I was in the sitting room, sewing, when the window was darkened by some one passing. I looked up and saw Annie Mondore. She nodded and grinned familiarly and I felt a queer little sense of fear that I shook off when she came in and said she had come to borrow some matches. She stayed about a little at the door and said it looked as though we would have a clear, moonlight night. I didn't answer her, for I remembered my father's caution.

"Tose pa 'n' ma gone 'way for the night?" she said, and I nodded. "It jese thinks y'll be lonely some of weuns 'll come over an' stay with ye to keep off ha'n'ts," she said.

I told her shortly that I was not afraid, that Mr. Moore was in the house, and she went away.

Looking out the window after she had gone, I saw that she had met Henry and Frank Mondore, and that they stood in the road talking. They were making their plans then, but, God in heaven!

how could I guess that?"

When supper was over and we were milking Annie made her appearance again.

"I brung back the matches, 'n' I'm goin' to stay with ye till bed-time, for fear ye'll be lonesome."

I had begun to have a strange fancy that something was going to happen, and so I let her stay. During the evening we talked very little and she seemed natural enough. Once Henry and Frank Mondore went past the open window and she looked up and said: "Sh! Mr. Moore aint gone to bed yet. When the light's out in the corner room ye'll know he's in bed."

I don't know why that didn't alarm me. It must have been be-

PHOTO BY P.B. OAKLEY.



HENRY MONDORE

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